

# The Chinook

# The Business Manager of "The Chinook" is a Wide-awake Man

He convinced us that it would be good business  
to have an Ad. in  
**YOUR COLLEGE PAPER**

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Says there are 50 boys and 100 girls who are going to read it, and if that's the case, we are glad to have the opportunity of interesting you in the "Bay" Store. We consider you as our future customers and we want you to get the habit of coming here for all your requirements.

Time, they say, means money these days, and on that basis alone we can save you both time and money, because all your requirements are grouped under the one roof.

This ad. shows our interest in you. Will you show your interest in us by making this Store your "Shopping Headquarters" now and in the future.

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## The Hudson's Bay Company

WE'LL SAY SO—THAT

**Hart, Schaffner & Marx and  
Society Brand Clothes**

For the younger man are the clothes with pep, style, fit  
and durability, and their long-wear quality  
makes them economical

**The Diamond Clothing Co., Limited**

C. BENJAMIN, Manager

107 Eighth Avenue E.



**IF IT'S A NECKLACE**

or a lavalliere or a ring or pin  
or any other article of jewelry  
it will be all the more appre-  
ciated if it comes from here.  
For our jewelry has a reputa-  
tion for quality, good taste and  
distinction that renders it  
doubly acceptable. Remember  
please that the only thing  
charged for is quality. The  
other fine points cost you  
nothing.

**H. R. CHAUNCEY Ltd., Jewelers**

116 Eighth Avenue E.

**Kodaks**

All the Newest Models

**French Ivory**

Guaranteed Finest Quality

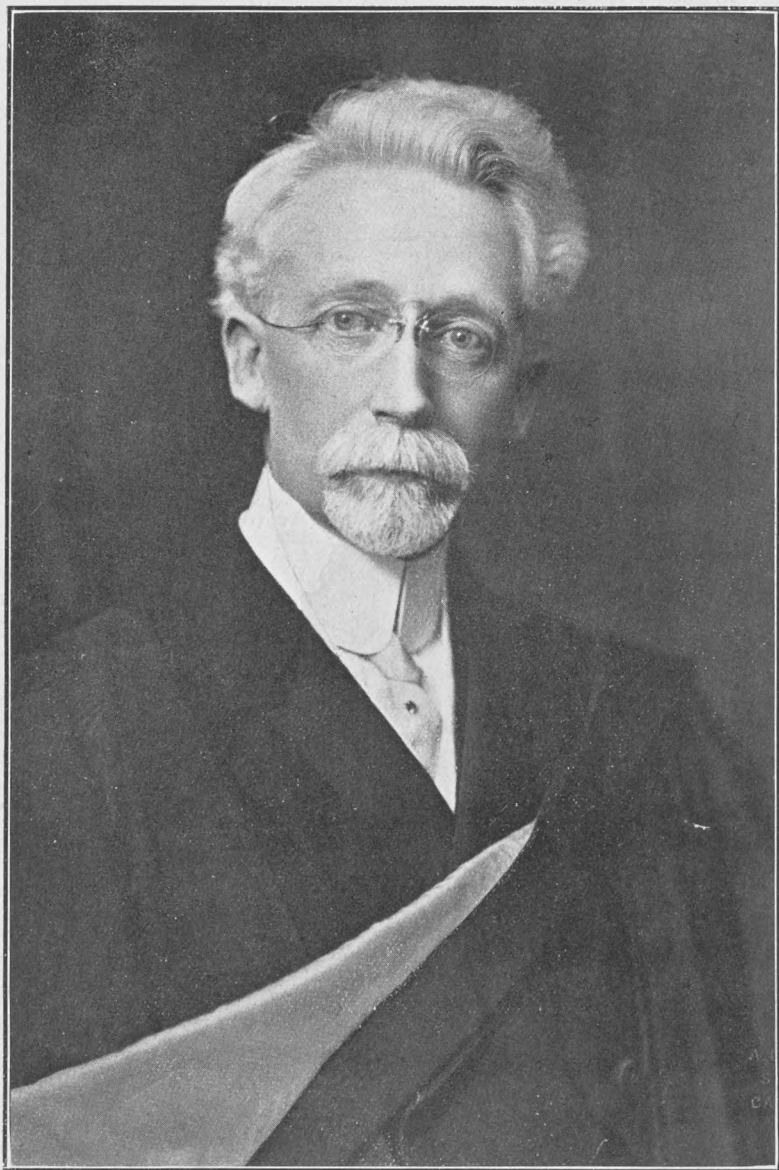
**Face Powders**

Pure - Delicate - Natural

**MacFARLANE DRUG STORES**

124 Eighth Ave. East

Cor. Twelfth Ave. & First St. W.



REV. G. W. KERBY, B.A., D.D.,  
Principal.



# THE CHINOOK



PUBLISHED AT  
MOUNT ROYAL COLLEGE  
CALGARY, ALBERTA

*December 31st, 1919*



## J. E. RUNIONS

1ST VICE-PRESIDENT CENTURY CLUB 1919-20

MEMBER  
LIFE UNDERWRITERS' ASSOCIATION  
OF CANADA

36 UNION BANK BUILDING,  
CALGARY, ALTA., 4 Dec., '19

Dear M. R. C. Student,—

Presuming your Father is 45 years of age and you are 20 years old, you can save \$384 in premiums over your Father on a \$1,000 20-Pay Life Policy taken at your respective ages.

Again, your Policy will mature when you are 40 years old, while your Father's Policy will not mature till he is 65 years of age.

At age 40 your worthy ambition is to have a Home and a Family of your own, at which time in your life a maturing Policy will be very acceptable to you either in cash or paid-up insurance for life.

On an ORDINARY LIFE \$1,000 Policy paying annual dividends the yearly premium is \$18.70 at age 20. The guaranteed cash value the 20th year with the dividends, just about return to the insured his 20 years' savings, so that his 20 years' insurance has been no expense to him.

On a \$1,000 TWENTY PAY LIFE, annual dividend Policy, age 20, the yearly premium is \$27.25, and the guaranteed cash value the 20th year with dividends return the insured his 20 year's savings with fair profits, so that his Policy has been a protection and an investment.

On a \$1,000 TWENTY YEAR ENDOWMENT, annual dividend Policy, age 20, the annual premium is \$47.65. The 20th year the insured draws \$1,000 cash guaranteed by the Government reserve, along with his dividends which are now running close to \$300. This Policy uniquely combines protection, investment and competency.

Thrifty boys and girls and shrewd men and women all over Canada are buying Mutual Life of Canada Endowments, and I trust that M.R.C. Students will follow their wise examples.

Yours Mutually,

*J. E. Runions*

Let US carry that big "IF" in your LIFE for you

## Chinook Staff

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Editor-in-Chief .....	Dorothy Patterson.
Business Manager .....	G. T. Walters.
Assistant Business Manager .....	G. Chennells.
Locals:—Senior .....	Vera Hall.
Junior .....	Eldon Rice.
Literary:—Senior .....	Marguerite Richardson.
Junior .....	Agnes Holden.
Athletics .....	Frank Mills.
Music .....	Wenonah Morgan.
Art .....	Margaret Maynard.
Staff Representative .....	Harold B. Eastman, B.A.



"A School Marm's Quartet"

## A Foreword

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Each year I am privileged to write a brief foreword for the "Chinook," welcoming the new students and greeting afresh the old ones. In that sense the Principal is the bridge between the old and the new, linking, and uniting them together in the higher ideals of character-education and citizenship. The new students need kindly assistance in adjusting themselves to the new environment. The old have a new beginning each College year, and require sympathetic counsel, as stage by stage they advance towards the goal of their educational ambitions. Half formed and hazy ideals, budding ambitions, varied temperaments, different races and religions, meet and mingle together in College circles. The College is a melting pot. The scum of bigotry, prejudice, ignorance, narrowness and self conceit comes to the top, runs over, and leaves the finer elements, out of which the coming citizenship of Canada is being made. The dominating thing about a College is its life, its spirit, its atmosphere, the genuine sense of youthful good fellowship and comradeship, the fresh, new, spontaneous expression of developing young life. Each student, each member of the staff, in fact everyone from the College Janitor to the Principal, has his contribution to make towards the College life and spirit. We welcome you then to Mount Royal College as an opportunity not only to get service, but to give service, and to realize that the best work of the College is the interpreting of Education in terms of service, the linking up of Education to life.

THE PRINCIPAL.



## EDITORIALS.

If you like this issue, thank the students who wrote the brilliant literary efforts, and thank the Commercial Class who typed the heiroglyphical "copy" into shape.

If it suits you, send copies to your aunts and uncles, and any other relatives for whom you may have an especial affection.

Oh, Boy, if you have a "girl" in the country, send her one—girls, if you have "fellas" in your home town send "them" one apiece.

\* \* \*

BOOST THE "CHINOOK," DON'T NAG THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

\* \* \*

Regardez: If your name appears in the "Chinook" and you are accused of, let us say, flirtation—don't deny it—the chances are you are guilty. If you aren't guilty, don't grouch about it. Everybody's getting it now.

Oh Boy! Oh Joy——!

\* \* \*

### THE STUDENTS AND THE "CHINOOK."

Once again the "Chinook" is out. This year the staff has tried to place before you a bigger and better issue. We have had to combat the high cost of printing but we have done the best we could with the funds at our disposal.

We wish to extend our thanks to the members of the Commercial Class and to all who have co-operated to make this issue a success.

\* \* \*

The spirit shown in the Poetry competition was fine. It proves that we have some talent if we use it.

\* \* \*

### OUR LIBRARY—ITS QUALITY AND ITS NEEDS.

How many of the students of this College know what books are in the Library? Most of us no doubt turn to it for fiction, such as "The Yellow Dove" or——— but how many turn to the library for a topic for an oral composition or a report for an agriculture recitation?

Though our library is but young there is quite a fund of information which it may be some of us are unacquainted with. We possess a complete set of the Universal Anthology in which are contained extracts of the best ever produced by literary geniuses in Ancient or in Modern Times.

An Encyclopedia Britannica, is another bountiful source of information as is also the Book of Knowledge.

Nelson's History of the War, although contemporaneous with this great event, contains much valuable information. We ought to have some of the Standard Histories such as Shuckburg's, Gibbon's and Mommsen's for reference.

We are also in need of the works of some of the poets, as well as Standard authors such as Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Kipling, Arnold Bennet, Wells, Shaw, Chesterton, Holmes, Ruskin, Mark Twain. We need them all and *ad infinitum*.

\* \* \*

If your story, poem, novelette or lemon, or chestnut, appeareth not in this issue—search diligently in the next "Chinook"—we hope to issue another january 31, 1920. Don't get peeved if the "child of your brain" is not here.

\* \* \*

"O BLITHE NEWCOMERS——" (*Wordsworth*).

Mrs. Alice B. Evans, B.A., University of Oklahoma, U.S.A., Normal Certificate in French from University of Dijon, France.

Calgary is Mrs. Evan's home town. She has taught for some time in Alberta Schools. She was Principal at Ferintosh and also Vice-Principal of the High School at Stettler.

Mrs. Evans is teaching English and French.

\* \* \*

Theodor Fossum, a disciple of Orpheus, first raised his voice in tuneful melody in Sioux City, Iowa. He lives in Medicine Hat now, but that's all right.

He studied music in Chicago, in Paris and in Berlin.

Mr. Fossum plays the piano and, then some, believe us—sympathy, thought and finished technique.

"To hear him is to love him,  
To love but him forever."

Donalda Bawden, B.A., Toronto University—Miss Bawden attended High School at Lucan, Ontario, and there acquired a thirst for scientific investigation, which no high-school could ever satisfy. She took Honour Work in Physics and Biology at 'Varsity—the intricacies of the Mendelian theory—the mysteries of the Lamarckian hypothesis—the mathematics of Laplace, they are all lucid and easy to her.

\* \* \*

Isabel M. Campbell topped the graduating list in her Final Year at the Ontario College of Art, Toronto.

She holds an Art Supervisor's and Specialist's Certificate from that College, which is affiliated with the University of Toronto.

Miss Campbell went to Europe for a year at the conclusion of her college course, and visited the famous art galleries in Paris, Berlin, London, Venice and Florence.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Stanley D. Skene—Mrs. Skene attended Mt. Alison College, New Brunswick, and went from there to the Emerson College of Oratory in Boston. After a graduate course at this college, she returned to teach at Mt. Alison.

During her teaching career Mrs. Skene has taken especial interest in Dramatic production.

\* \* \*

Dr. Rogers comes of a distinctly musical family; his father is a well-known organist and composer, and is still actively engaged in his profession in London, England.

Dr. Rogers was born in England, and pursued his musical studies under the best masters, in the course of his career associating himself with Sir Edward Elgar with whom he played in the Malvern Oratorio Society Orchestra; Dr. F. J. Read (Mus. Doc. Oxon.); Dr. P. N. Allen (Mus. Doc. Cantab.), with whom he appeared in Chamber Concerts while residing in Chichester, Sussex; and Dr. James H. Lewis (Warden of the Guild of Church Musicians, London). Before coming to M.R.C., Dr. Rogers was Dean of the Kansas Chapter of American Guild Organists.

Harold B. Eastman, B.A., Queen's University — Mr. Eastman went after English and History while at Queen's, plus a few incidentals in the way of Math., Polekon, French and Latin, upon which the Profs. insisted with a most whimsical determination.

He spends most of his evenings (very happily too) drinking strong coffee at "The Club" (plus a few incidentals) in the way of "fried oysters, stuffed olives, etc."

\* \* \*

The cover and the cartoons were designed and drawn by Miss Helen Beny. They are distinguished by a most exquisite quality of drollery, don't you think so?



THE CHINOOK INGLE NOOK.

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"A bright fire on the hearth, the night wind roaring about the chimney top, our pipes and our philosophies—such are our nights of ease in our Ingle Nook."

*"The Homesteader."*

## I.

My Ingle Nook is quiet enough but the wind howls loudly in the chimney, and loudly too, in the world. I sit and smoke my quiet pipe—the smoke wreaths hang in the air, and then are suddenly drawn away to vanish instantly in the chimney place—and I think of the great gale that blows in the great world of men—"the wind bloweth where it listeth, but no man knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth." What wind of the spirit blows now upon the souls of men, that we bend before it? Out of what Divine country comes this swift breath of storm, that has too, the odors or brain to refresh the world? The parched souls of men bow before the great wind and await the rain.

## II.

The economic storm has affected my coal supply, and I have fears that my Ingle Nook fire may cease to be, and like Poor Robin "where shall I go?" I find that reading and smoking by the bright fire are the chief joys of life.

I have been reading the Norwegian Sagas this month. The stories of Northern Storms and the bitter cold in some way give the the keenest enjoyment. If my coal runs out, I shall perhaps find the Sagas too realistic.

## III.

The wolves howl most weirdly at night. I lie awake long hours watching the flickering blue flames run over the surface of my fire—I am very wakeful lately—this quiet room—the quiet house and outside the great mountains far away—and the wonderful cold pure winds. While I muse the fire burns. I was weary of the city, and its loud and empty noises. But here in my small house set in an infinity of unbounded prairie space, only the weird noises, and at night the wolf



howlings, distract me from my coal fire and my Infinite Land of Book Dreams. It is good to have escaped—to have freed one's soul from the fever and the fret.

## IV.

You, afar there in the city, my friend, I am wistful that you might know too, the "peace that passeth understanding"—the peace of great mountains, of great open hill country and of the free mountain winds.

I sat by my fire last night and wrote a verse or two for you—my dear friend—the bright fire, and the loud rushing wind, and the freedom of God are in them—for I have escaped from Pain into Peace.

The fire burns low, and the winds roar,  
And I am adream—adream,  
Beauty and Peace take my soul through the night,  
While the winds roar,  
And the fire burns bright.

Long, long ago I lived by a city street,  
Its noises beat into my brain,  
But now I am free,  
As the loud winds are free,  
I am free from my Pain.

Oh, they were cruel in the city there,  
More cruel than the cold,  
And the noises beat into my brain,  
But the loud winds have free'd my soul.

Exultingly, while the flames flicker and quiver  
My mind in its glory ascends as a flame,  
And I sing as the winds sing  
In a great voice and loud,  
"I am free, I am free, I am free."

—L. J. L.

### Senior Literary Society Executive

President .....	Walter Hymas.
Vice-President .....	Theodore Walters.
Secretary-Treasurer .....	Howard Hymas.
Leader of Government .....	Hillis Marr.
Leader of Opposition .....	Anna Blue.
Critic .....	A. E. Rosborough, B.A. MEN'S

### Junior Executive

President .....	Aileen Sibbald.
Vice-President .....	Helen Bellamy.
Secretary-Treasurer .....	Freda Fletcher.
Grade IX. Representatives.....	Eldon Rice.
	..Frances Sheffield.
Grade VIII. Representatives .....	Gladys Grant.
	..Agnes Holden.
Grade VI. Representatives .....	Joe Dobbs.
	..Margaret Mackenzie.

### Y. M. C. A. Executive

President .....	Anna Jay Reed.
Vice-President .....	Helen Beny.
Secretary .....	Annie Blue.
Treasurer .....	Vera Lawson.
Assistant Treasurer .....	Thelma Higgins.
Executive Council .....	Marguerite Richardson.
	..Georgia Fletcher.

LITERARIAE

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Our Literary Society this year is unique, it is remarkable, in fact, it is parliamentary. The speaker is the Right Honorable W. Hymas. Robert Laird's prototype is the Right Honorable Hillis Marr, while Miss Anna Blue, also Right Honorable, is a close second to Wm. Lyon McKenzie King.

The debates in the House are lively. The leader of the government and Mr. Henry Langford, M.P., crossed rapiers on several occasions. Soldiers, gratuities, prohibition, financial grants, anything serves as a pretext for the drawing of rapiers.

The clerk of the House, Mr. Howard Hymas, looks after Hansard most efficiently. The debates are recorded with the most punctilious accuracy. There is no sight more pleasing, I assure you, than to sit in the visitors' gallery to watch Mr. Hymas peer enquiringly over his specs when the Honorable Henry Langford is beginning to warm to his subject. The whole scene is very reminiscent indeed, of those great days in the British House of Commons, when Gladstone and Disraeli fought for supremacy.

The activities of the House of Commons are sometimes of an entirely non-political character, as for instance, when the following girls: Elva James, Fanny Paterson, Genevieve Baker, Pearl Sundberg, Osa Slempe, Marguerite Richardson, Selma Ritz, Adula Davenport, Eva Cottom and Nancy Edgar, presented a playlette, entitled "A Mock School Room." Miss Elva James played the teacher in a most entirely pedagogical fashion. Miss Pearl Sundberg looked about the jolliest public school inspector that ever struck terror to the hearts of young school ma'ams. The pupils were a bit riotous but seemed to make the most remarkable progress. Some of them wore blue overalls, some of them wore brown overalls. Some did not wear overalls at all, but wore the common, or ordinary, variety of trousers. Their regular everyday complexions, palely scholastic, from endless hours of study, were mysteriously concealed by country girl complexions, purchased, one suspects, at Liggett's or McDermids. Some of the country blushes were most attractively charming.

The Right Honorable Theo. Walters is eloquent and moving in debate. His calmly reasoned arguments fall upon the minds of all hearers with most convincing force. He can argue the pro side of a question to a logical conclusion. He can then walk around to the con side and analyse the thing very discreetly indeed; some of his arguments may be sophistical, but his smooth eloquence is so smooth that he gets away with it every time. This is some gift.

Mr. A. E. Rosborough applies the acid test of higher criticism to the budding orators and their procedure.

There is no possible doubt that somewhere among the orators, the youths and maidens, of Mount Royal, there are, concealed as yet, members of Parliament, eminent legal lights, great theologians, railway presidents, novelists, poets, prime ministers—the future is all before us, we may shape it as we will.

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### MUSIC.

Under the able and genial direction of Dr. F. K. Rogers, assisted by a staff of six teachers, M.R.C. Conservatory of Music is experiencing the best year in its history, as may be judged from the fact that the teachers have all the time at their disposal filled.

It was indeed a pleasant surprise to those familiar with last year's difficulties in the way of practice, to find the pianos located in one part of the building. The change has proved to be a wise one, and practice is now carried on to much better advantage, and is much less distracting for the rest.

Dr. Rogers, our new director, has had a very wide experience in musical work, and the conservatory is already showing the benefits of this experience. The monthly recitals have added greatly to the interest of the work. Three have already been given. These have been held in Central Church, which has been pretty well filled on each occasion by a keenly appreciative audience who have always been delighted with the work done.

A new feature of our college life this year is the "Glee Club," which meets every Thursday evening, under Dr.

Rogers' leadership, and provides an hour's profitable enjoyment for all the students.

Mr. Fossum's business-like method of instruction is producing splendid results, but we notice the appearance of a few gray hairs since he has been with us. We wonder if Nancy could explain why.

Mr. Clifton is continuing the good record he has established in other years. Since our last issue of the "Chinook" he has won a partner to share his trials. The "Chinook" extends congratulations. May he prove as successful with the boys as with the ladies, and "win Ed."

Mr. Ramsbottom still carries on his work in his usual capable manner and we hope it will be many years before "he severs his relations with the college." He also is a great help to Dr. Rogers' vocal students by accompanying them—(in the Plaza). After playing for Miss Sibbald one evening, he emerged from the studio and asked Mr. Rosborough if his hair was rumpled. Why should it have been?

Miss Beers is busier than ever with her wee elves and their performances in public are a delight to us all. It is rumored that her cozy new studio attracts more than students.

Miss Creighton comes and goes as quietly as ever, so that few of us know her. We wish it were possible for us to see more of her cheery countenance.

Mrs. Scott is accomplishing wonders with her violin students, and the sounds which used to seem like feline solos and duets are fast developing into the beautiful strains of "Souvenir" and "Traumerie."

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#### ART NEWS FOR THE "CHINOOK."

The Art Studio of Mount Royal College seems to be progressing very favorably and a great deal of work has been, and is being done.

Besides the students from the College, Miss Carder and Miss Campbell have students from various parts of the city, and some even come in from the surrounding country in order to take lessons.



These teachers certainly deserve unlimited praise as they work untiringly with a host of would-be artists and I am sometimes tempted to believe that WOULD-BE is all some of us ever WILL-BE.

I must say that the studio we now occupy is a great improvement on our former one as it is of a convenient size and is much quieter and better in every way.

In order to impress upon the minds of the public the wonderful talent of some of our aspirants to the Art World I recall several recent instances. Miss Marr is sitting busily painting in water colors a picture of cows when Miss Richmond bursts in the door and exclaims, "Oh! what pretty sheep!" Miss Marr is squelched. Another bright student is working at some china, when Miss Carder comes and looks at her work and says, "You are doing very good work," and proceeds to take out her work and paint it again. Of course we students do not mind these little things happening or being said to us, as we simply try again, because, as Sir Philip Sydney says, "A great deal of talent is lost in the world through lack of confidence. We have the confidence, but, Ah me! the talent?"

M. MAYNARD.



## ATHLETICS

Athletics is one of the interesting features of Mount Royal College. Every student, boy and girl, shows a keen enthusiasm. Good encouragement is also received from the Staff.

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### BASEBALL.

This is one of the most interesting features of our athletic program. With the opening of the 1919 term seven very lively baseball games were scheduled. However, the sixth game decided the series with E. Snider's team in the lead. Each game was characterized by swift playing and clean sportsmanship. The teams were lined up as follows:—

Winners	Line-up.	Losers.
E. Snider .....	Pitcher .....	W. Hymas.
T. Walters .....	Catcher .....	A. Blue.
H. Hill .....	1st Base .....	F. Mills.
G. Channells .....	2nd Base .....	H. Hymas.
U. Lacoste .....	3rd Base .....	H. Marr.
J. Marshall .....	Short Stop .....	R. Martin.
L. Lavasseur .....	R. Field .....	W. Brewster.
W. Lyons .....	C. Field .....	E. Rice.
E. Bletcher .....	L. Field .....	M. Galloway.

To the winners a silver cup is to be presented; on this the names of the players of the winning side have been inscribed.

\* \* \*

### HOCKEY.

At present no game is more popular than hockey. With good ice the outlook for a strong hockey team is promising. When the ice is good and conditions favorable the M.R.C. boys are to be found down at the Crystal Rink, getting their splendid material in good trim for the coming hockey league. The boys are not alone in their enthusiasm to get on the ice, for each night after four o'clock our jolly crowd of girls leave studies behind to enjoy themselves for an hour or so on the Crystal Rink.

It is noticed that Harold McCargar is very popular in this sphere; in fact it has been rumoured that here he is the leading "Ladies' man."

## TENNIS.

The tennis tournament was well under way when the early winter interfered. As far as is known, it will be finished in the spring air. The delay was slightly discouraging. However, it is expected that, as soon as the courts are in condition, the tennis enthusiasts will be in their places.

\* \* \*

We need a gymnasium to do the thing right, and if the fates are kind we shall have one before the century is much older.

F. W. MILLS.

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"JOIE DE VIVRE."

Ah, the joie de vivre! Occasionally the pursuit of pure learning becomes a weariness to the flesh, and we turn away gratefully Friday evenings to relaxation, to fun, just fun. We forget the weariness "the fever and the fret" of pure intellectualism, we enjoy ourselves, we dance, we sing, we cut loose generally. Those of us who are old, become young again, and those of us who are young become infantile. We "cast all care away."

Hallowe'en night was a big night. Some of the costumes were the sheerest wild, mad, fantastic fantasies. Some of them were most infinitely becoming, they were piquante, enchantante,—charmante—. And the clowns! P. T. Barnum in his palmiest days never saw such exquisitely amusing examples of comic absurdity. They were the limit! And the pierrotes, those little twins in the pique caps, did you see them? They were just about the cutest little things that ever happened. Chic, ah! I should say so. And did you see the little girl in the costume of a purple harlequin—most droll, most becoming, most wholly charming,—and did you see the devil, Mephistopheles himself, "come straight from"—Oh, no! no! you are wrong—from Maple Creek.

There was too, a little wolf with little Red Riding Hood. He was a very fierce little wolf, a little Billy-wolf and he growled and snapped his little teeth.

That night all the witches riding on their broom-sticks out of their mountain caves came swiftly flying through the black

night to see the rout.—It was a magic mystic wonderful night. Miss Edith Thewlis came from Holland in her quaint outlandish Netherlandish costume. It was the best of the lot and secured the winning prize. Mr. Arthur Clark, a gentleman of colour, as black as Erebus, came from Louisiana and returned to his plantation with a prize:

Always Friday evenings we are free, we break loose, we escape we emerge. We are young again, oh, yes, *joie de Vivre* is it's name. We are glad that we are alive. O! *Joie de vivre!*

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### THE RECEPTION.

The annual reception given the Staff and Students by Dr. and Mrs. Kerby was most extremely enjoyable. Dr. and Mrs. Kerby entertained in the large dining-room.

Various games were played and kept absolutely every trace of homesickness from making appearance. The affairs were gay, in fact everybody had, what one of the girls described, as an ab-so-loot-lee love-lee time. It may not have been quite so to-ta-lee ab-so-loot-lee a time as all of that, but even without the ecstasies it was a good evening.

At the conclusion of the programme of games, Mrs. Dr. Kerby was presented with chrysanthemums as an appreciation from the Students and Staff.

Refreshments of a most perfectly satisfying nature furnished a climax.

The occasion was a very fitting prelude to the series of charming weekly social evenings of the Fall term.

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Miss Beers: "Is Major Bennett a private?"

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### INQUISITIVI.

Without Mr. Rosborough Mount Royal would surely come to a disastrous end; we would always be standing conversing (intelligently of course) in the corridors when we should be at work in the class rooms. But thanks to him—for

he is only trying to see that we get our money's worth. If only there were more people in the world like that.

His writing is a mixture of script and heiroglyphics  
 But R——y is an adept at all things scientific.  
 He can dissect an earthworm,  
 Or find the width of Mars,  
 For he is an expert  
 With cube-roots, bugs and stars.

\* \* \*

Mr. Eastman is our future poet laureate. The inspiration for his beautiful works comes to him while cogitating over a cup of strong coffee—or sometimes, for variation, a few *fried* oysters, although he agrees that the meals here are “very decent indeed.”

“Words of learned length and thund’ring sound,  
 Amaze the gazing rustics ranged around.  
 And still they gaze, and still the wonder grows,  
 That one small head could carry all he knows.”

\* \* \*

Mrs. Evans lectures urbanely on the intricacies of metonymy, pleonasm, euphuism and synecdoche. Even though she deals largely in words of such an astounding length and so impenetrably mysterious, Mrs. Evans, outside of school hours, can be talked with in plain two-syllabled English. In fact she rarely deviates from the pure Anglo-Saxon except when her sub-conscious self journeys back to the “Land of Cotton.”

\* \* \*

Miss Edwards in business hours teaches school, and, as Carlyle says, “teaching school is a serious business.” Miss Edwards regards the cultivation of the infant mind as a vocation, a pursuit, a career, anything you please. Her class consists of a great variety of interesting and curious studies in human nature and she is training them up to be useful citizens of Canada.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Skene—

Yip—yep—ho—yo—yum,  
 Koo—oo—oo—oh, ah,  
 Whoa—hello—hence—home.



The above enigmatic sounds are not an invocation to some heathen god. They are not the first faint beginnings of a new style of poetry; still less are they the last vanishing remnants of one of the old poetic styles. "Ah yes," you explain, "I have it, this is the latest substitute for naughty, naughty words, when poppa's little boy is out of temper."

No—you have erred—you are wrong. The above mystic syllables represent Mrs. Skene's elocution class hard at work in the Evolution of Expression. These scattered crumbs of words, those little wandering germs of sound—from those tiny yippings and kooings will emerge by and by Ciceronian eloquence, Demosthenaic oratory.

\* \* \*

Miss Carrick looks after the percentage content of calories in our food. She balances up the proteins with the carbo-hydrates and then adds a little butter fat, to keep our mortal frames "carrying on."

\* \* \*

She is a meritorious dean, in other words she looks after our merits and demerits. If you are afraid of breaking any of the rules, ask Miss Carrick to lend you her opera glasses that you may acquaint yourself with the list outside her door.

\* \* \*

Atten-shun! Major Bennett is with us again. Strive as they will, Commercial cannot get away from that. But they must confess that without him life would be minus joy and "pep." Oh! The long dull days during his absence and the blank expression that came upon the usual merry faces of his students when they were informed of his illness.

But there came a day of real sport on his return. The bally problems and shorthand characters lost their horror and the typewriters clicked with a merry tune. And once again "they laughed with counterfeited glee, At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

\* \* \*

Miss Isabel Campbell was born in Toronto. Miss Campbell was raised in Toronto. She received her early education in Toronto. I have been in Toronto and if I were picking a

town to be born in, to be raised in, to receive my early education in, and also the balance of my education, I would pick Toronto.

It is rumoured that Miss Campbell paints, but you would never guess by the appearance, would you?

\* \* \*

Miss Heddle looks at life very coolly and dispassionately. She rises above the dust of the school-room into the intellectual empyrean; this, as Shakespeare said, is an excellent thing in woman.

Miss Heddle is able however to detach herself from the chalk-dust, the erasers, the waste-paper basket, the pointer and all the other apparatus of the business. She sees life steadily and sees it whole.

\* \* \*

Miss Bawden is from that buzzing metropolis, London, Ont. She likes Calgary. She likes to skate.

She says that if she were exiled to a desert island, the only company she would choose to take would be a leather bound volume, gilt-edged, India-paper, of Robert Browning. One hesitates however to believe that Miss Bawden will ever voluntarily go to a desert island to live, and one would make a safe bet that if she ever does go, her company will not consist entirely of a leather-bound volume of Robert Browning's poems.

\* \* \*

In business hours Dr. Rogers is as staid and venerable a gentleman as was ever weighed down by the lute of Orpheus, or maybe it was a harp.

Extra-murally, Dr. Rogers is a bon vivant, un garcon vif, in fact Dr. Rogers is a live wire in nature's infinite orchestra. If you are feeling absolutely bored to death, tired of life and utterly blue, consult Dr. Rogers—outside of business hours.

\* \* \*

Mr. Ramsbottom, subject of this sketch, in business hours has Dr. Rogers beat. No music teacher in the city takes a greater interest in his pupils than does Mr. Ramsbottom.

The other night he was saying good-bye to one of these pupils (Miss Sibbald, we believe). After he got through saying good-bye, he was walking down the corridor treading on air, with his head butting up against the stars. He was whistling Lohengrins. I asked him if it had come to this and he only smiled a happy beatific smile. In fact, I never saw a more gloriously radiant face in my life. And (this is strictly in confidence) just one week before, he told me there would never be any wedding bells for him.

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“PRO MORI PATRIA.”

Here by the blasted tree he lies,  
Pale, piteous face upturned to flarelit skies,  
His hands by wire so cruelly torn,  
His brow becrimsoned as by wreath of thorn,  
And from his side the life blood stain has spread,  
Over his tunic; see, he is dead.  
In him who for his country died  
I see the image of Christ Crucified.

—PAUL JOSEPH BRADY.

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Major Spencer Kerby has recently returned to England after spending six weeks with his parents.

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PROHIBITION.

An Interview with G. H. Marr.

One of the “Chinook” reporters, being detailed to get some local information on this tremendous subject, bethought himself of Mr. G. H. Marr, the clever leader of the Government. The reporter took his pencil and paper and set out to find Mr. Marr. Happening to glance into Grade eleven room, he saw the aforementioned gentleman, hard at work at his desk with three young ladies around him. Not seeing any chance to get sense out of a man in such a position, the reporter was about to pass on, when Mr. Marr saw me and left the damsels for my more serious conversation.

I asked him for a little story on his opinion of the liquor question. He assuaged, so we adjourned to the library where he dictated to me the following harrowing experience in his own life.

"I feel very strongly on this subject, and rightly so," he said, "for from personal experience, I have found liquor to be a curse. In order to show my point I will, following Mrs. Evans' example, tell of an adventure of my own.

"Until recently, you know, I was living back east in Hamilton. There, being out at a dance one night, I met a young lady, whom for obvious reasons I will not name. I had several dances with her and escorted her home. Being somewhat impressed by her features and contours, I requested permission to call again and received it. The following Sunday I called and took her for a street-car ride. I proposed and was accepted. We were the happiest pair on earth for about three weeks. Then the catastrophe came. We were going to the theatre on this night, and in order to make my conversation interesting, I took a little stimulant. Not enough to get drunk at all. I did not kiss her when we met, pleading a cold. All went well until the end of the first act. I went outside then, and for some reason I do not know, got intoxicated. To explain it more simply, I drank about two finger lengths and got tight. I managed to get back to the theatre somehow. It was all dark and I was a bit hazy on the location of my seat. At last I thought I found it and sat down, only to be pushed off into the aisle. I had sat in some lady's lap. Seeing that further explanation was useless, I got up and shouted, "Eliza, where are you? I can't find you." Instead of the reply I wished, a spot-light was turned on me and every one began to clap. Here again my befuddled brain refused to function and instead of making myself scarce, I bowed to the audience and started for the stage to put on my own show. Just before I got to the bottom of the aisle however, two ushers grabbed me and I recovered ten minutes later in the gutter. A friend came along then and kindly steered me home. All next day I was as sick as a poisoned pup, but towards evening I set out to go and apologize to Eliza. She refused to see me. I was given a note from her, my ring, and ordered off the premises.

The note said, "Hillis,—after your conduct of last night, I can't marry you. All is over among us. Eliza.

The ring I pawned later for \$11.40. Do you wonder that I am bitter against liquor. My romance started at a dance and ended in the gutter. That is why I came west, in order to drown my sorrows."

The reporter, thinking of the three girls said, "You appear to be drowning them alright."

"Oh, yes," Marr replied, "I have found another 'only girl in the world' at the College here."

The reporter left with this thought in his mind—"Can you beat it?"

—HENRY LANGFORD.



Cheer-up Do!



CALGARY—A CRITIQUE.

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Carlyle remarked, when discussing Burns, that criticism should be a cold business—Carlyle didn't say it that way, but that doesn't matter—the point is that with the hydrargyrum at twenty below, criticism can't be anything but cool.

But to the argument—

As a matter of fact I was fast asleep when I arrived in Calgary at eight in the evening of a gloomy September day—I had fallen asleep, I will confess it, most deliberately—those broad expanses of sheer unmitigated level emptiness—that stretch east of Calgary for hundreds of miles was too much for me.

I was awakened by the autocratic voice of one of the liveried servants of the C.P.R., who wanted to know at the moment, if I was getting off at Calgary.

If these chaps on trains are too brusquely imperative feed them up on a little pure fiction. It doesn't do them any harm and relieves the peeved sensation which follows a too rude awakening from deep sleep. The C.P.R. should open a class in Polite Methods of rousing sleepers, or some such name, for its haughty retainers.

I told him that I was going on to Tokio, but would get off and have a look at the village. This seemed to please him immensely.

I was glad I got off—I rubbed my eyes when the liveried lackey roused me from my slumber of ennui—I rubbed them harder when I walked out on Centre Street and had a glance at the immediate landscape. Some landscape! I had a sub-conscious idea concealed in my system that Calgary would be like those prairie towns that copy each other down to the last detail of false front and slivery fir sidewalk (They're as like as gophers). I rubbed my eyes, I say, and looked again. And then I smiled a glad and grateful smile. My nostalgia vanished on the spot. Those empty spaces out beyond the rim of the valley slipped out of my memory. A good looking town—in fact a handsome town.

The Herald building—magnificent—splendid as an aspiration of the mind—standing up there proudly—ah, fine indeed

—and the grey misty sky over all—and the alabaster grandeur of the Hudson Bay—perhaps you are inclined to be sceptical as to the beauty of the Hudson Bay Co., store, but it is beautiful in certain lights if one forgets its sordid commercial implications.

One too, has never seen the “grand style” more happily exemplified than in the case of the Calgary policeman—stately, slow-moving grandeur—a lofty and inaccessible dignity—one would as soon think of being familiar with a wall of the Grand Canyon—the majesty of the law is indeed majestic.

This delusion as to Calgary’s prairie provincialism persisted until a first visit to the Grand Theatre, then the delusion vanished, never to return—as flawless as a poet’s dream—one forgets ones coolly critical attitude toward Calgary—the only regret is that one did not discover that theatre until two months after arriving in the city.

And the Cafés—the spirit is satisfied in contemplation, but the nerve energy used up in the process must be made good; some of the head-waiters suggest the dignity of the policeman whom we passed up the block a bit—otherwise a visit to any of the Cafés leaves no sting of remorse. And there are gently stimulating methods of increasing the heart action of the most frigidly congealed head-waiter. In fact there is no experiment more interesting than the application of a small silver electrode to the coyly unresisting palm of the Czar; the effect one might say is truly electrical. There are also highly satisfactory results from the point of view of the dietitian. Eating and drinking seem to be the regular occupation of large bunches of citizens at about midnight—eating especially—the drinking is in small quantities and the quality is regrettably deficient as regards its ability to cheer—not to mention the incidental inebriation that one has a natural right to expect. However that is a matter for the Dominion Senate to deal with, unfortunately the City Council cannot make good the entire or almost entire, absence of a national sense of humour. Further comment is unnecessary, not to say imprudent.

One sees Calgary in the imagination, a half century hence—an imperial city—indeed already possessed of that quality, stately in the light of this magnificent splendor of lovely sky—lofty towers raising the mind of the city-dweller above the narrow clanging streets to the sight of the stern and

everlasting grandeur of the great mountains so near there—"I lift mine eyes to the hills"—and in the dawns—the mind falters in speech to tell the glory of the picture—the rose of dawn and the mountain-majesty—yes, criticism should be a cold business.

Calgary, December 1, 1919.

"Living is just our chance o' the prize o' learning love."

—*Browning.*

It was a beautiful evening in early June, in the county of Kerry in auld Ireland, over one hundred years ago, when Norah Poole, walking down the flower-bordered lane on her uncle's country place, first met handsome Robert Patterson. As Norah tripped down the lane she made as pretty a picture as anyone could wish to see. She was dainty and sweet, with the color of the wild rose in her cheeks and the dark blue eyes shaded with long black lashes; her eyes matching the blue flowers on the muslin gown she wore. It was not the first time young Robert had seen and admired the beautiful Irish colleen who had lately come to live with her uncle, Colonel Poole, of the 47th, but he had never had the good fortune to meet her before. As Miss Norah passed some sweet briar bushes, she stooped to pick some of the flowers, when her dress caught in the thorns and she could not release it without getting the thorns in her hands. Robert Patterson, who was on the other side of the hedge, was delighted to be of service and it took longer than necessary to release the dainty frock. And if their hands did touch as they removed the thorns, and if the admiring glances of young Robert made the wild rose color in Norah's cheeks turn to damask, who was there to censure?

Norah had been a lonely girl. Her mother had died when she was a child and some years later her father had been thrown from his horse while hunting and had never fully recovered. His brain had been affected by the shock. In one of his foolish moments he had married one of the maids, and the home became unbearable for his daughter, who gladly accepted the home offered her in her uncle's family.

Norah did not mention to her cousin the fact of meeting Robert Patterson, who was not her social equal, and she felt a

strange reluctance to discussing him at all. But she could not forget his evident though respectful admiration. Norah was too lovely a girl to remain long without suitors, but she looked coolly on them all. She would not acknowledge, even to herself, that the image of Robert Patterson or his persistent little attentions could have anything to do with the state of her feelings.

Norah was a highspirited girl and resented any interference in her personal affairs, and when her cousins began to tease and quiz her about young Patterson and make fun of her lowly admirer she flamed up immediately and said she would do as she liked. She ran out of the house, intending to go to the old oak, a spot she was very fond of. But Fate or Providence directed affairs so that, in her blind haste, she would have stumbled over an outcropping branch of this old tree. had not a hand been stretched out, and saved her in time. She looked up to meet Robert's eyes, warming with the passionate love so long suppressed. And at the sight of the lovely face with the eyes full of tears, his love could not be restrained any longer. "Norah, Norah darling, I love you, I love you. I am not worthy of you, dear, but you are not happy here. Let me take you away and make a home for you where you will be happy; where all my life shall be spent in planning for your happiness and pleasure."

Norah knew then the real reason of her unhappiness. She loved Robert but had been too proud to acknowledge it. Now she let her heart plead for both. She married the man of her choice.

Although she was disinherited by her uncle she never regretted the decision she made by the old oak.

They came to Canada and endured many hardships and privations, as all the old pioneers had to endure. But the proud, high-spirited girl developed into a splendid woman, loved and honoured by the entire community.

DOROTHY WOODHALL.

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Miss Bawden:—"Clara, what is a beam of light?"

Clara:—"That which you can see through a crack in a barn?"

OUIJA: OR, THE SUPERNATURAL FOR BEGINNERS

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We—this is not the editorial we, by the way—have had some very interesting experiences with the Ouija Board. As an instrument of scientific investigation there is nothing that can beat it. As a means of spectroscoping the color of your Colleague's eyes there is nothing to beat it. As a medium for discreetly pleasureable flirtation it has never been excelled.

Last night we, (we as above), used the Ouija as an instrument for scientific investigation. With its other two applications I do not propose to deal in this essay. I may inform you however, that altogether apart from its scientific phase we spent the evening very pleasantly.

We, that is I, suggested that we try to get in touch with the other shore, or to put the thing technically, get in touch with some one on the Tweniteth Plane.

We, that is, I mean she—you will notice that I tend to get my pronouns mixed—she, suggested that we communicate with Cleopatra. She saw Theda Bara a while ago at the "Allen" and ever since then has been very keen on that little love affair between Antony and Cleopatra. She thinks, that, on the whole, Antony received a rather raw deal. I think so myself.

After making the preliminary adjustments, (by that I mean, arranging ourselves comfortably on the Chesterfield) we signalled the Elysian Fields, the Department of Heavenly Love. As you will infer, we were anticipating a pleasant evening.

Now if you, gentle reader, are not of a scientific mind, if you have no bump of curiosity, you may as well stop reading right here, since the subsequent proceedings, as Bret Harte says, will interest you no more.

This is not going to be a full length description of an evening spent in spooning, not much, O gentle reader.

We got in touch with Mark and Cleo. without much trouble. She, that is, we I mean, I do confuse these pronouns, asked first about that pearl story, was it true?

The reply was clear and distinct "No!" How did the story get started?" "Well, "says Cleo., "that is a long story,



but the fact of the matter is that Antony put that pearl in his vest pocket along with his peppermint lozenges, and life-savers. He said he wanted it for a souvenir. But Mark was always absent-minded, especially when in love, and to be quite honest about it, he mistook the pearl for a life-saver and swallowed it. All that yarn about my drinking the pearl dissolved in a quart of Scotch whiskey is a pure myth. Poor Mark was unwell for some time. In fact he carried that pearl with him until the battle of Actium. There was a high sea running the day of the battle, and Antony had an attack of mal de mer. That pearl reposes somewhere at the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea. O! Mark was very, very, sick."

I asked Mark if he was happy in Heaven. He said, "barring Cleopatra's everlasting primping in the limpid pools of Paradise, (it seems she has a crazy notion that she is a Naiad), life isn't too bad. He sticks around a good deal at the Cicero Club and chats about old times with Caesar, Herodotus, Xenophon and Cinna. I was glad to hear this, for Mark was a good sport while on earth. He left the battle of Actium a little too soon, but as explained above he was sea sick, and a man who is sea sick has enough trouble without looking after a battle.

I took an innings next. I called Bobby Burns. Robert has entirely forsaken the domestic life in the Realms of Bliss and puts in all his time at the Bacchus Club.

I got him on the line and made a few inquiries as to how he likes the life on the other shore. He says that he enjoys it rather better than he did his career in the Scotch Highlands. He finds the Bacchus Club more to his taste than the somewhat primitive Scotch tavern, although he says that his little trip to London about 1790 wasn't too bad. He spends some of his time sticking around with Virgil, but mostly he and Ovid pal it. As you will remember, they were not unlike while on earth. They both liked good wines, they loved song and neither of them was averse, as you will recollect, to the third element in the unholy trinity.

Bobby has only one kick coming on the celestial regions; there is no night there. After he left his father's farm and the simple life, he spent most of his nights with the bunch having, what in our day would be described as a pretty fair time.

Somehow he says he gets lonesome for the moonlight on the braes, and the fragrance of the heather bells in his nostrils. He says the eternal sameness of the life at the Bacchus Club cannot quite equal his life in the misty glens, where the great winds, and the flowers, and the sky, and the birds, taught him that inimitable glory of free and splendid song.

I asked him if he had seen anything of Shelley lately. He said he had been thinking of setting out to get in touch with Shelley who might be persuaded to accompany him on vagrant journeys here and there over the uplands of the Universe, or to voyage with him across the vastness of the constellations, ever and for ever.

I would, that I too, could be of their company, on those eternal journeyings, and upon those voyagings across the infinite ocean of the skies.

SIR OLIVER LODGE.

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### GRIEF

I sit in the shadows alone  
 And hear the sad, sad sea amean.  
 My soul is grieved with the sighing of the sea,  
 For sorrow is come and abideth forever with me.  
 Calgary, 26/11/19. "B."

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### THE YELLOW PERIL.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. CHUNG.

Having heard a lot lately about the Yellow Peril, and wishing to obtain some first hand information thereon, your reporter called on our genial Oriental, Mr. Chung, and asked him for his opinion on the matter. What Mr. Chung told me, translated from the original tongues, is as follows:

"Too much stress," he said, "is laid on the possibilities of a yellow military invasion in the future and not enough emphasis laid on the peril here already. The Chinese are not a fighting race. As a matter of fact, we are the world's greatest yellow race. We are very peaceful. When we have hostile designs on a country, we believe in peaceful penetration. The Germans knew this, and, before the war, prohibited us from

entering their country. However our plans work better in regard to Canada. Look at your country now. It is littered from coast to coast with signs like these." Here Mr. Chung, took out a pencil and drew two signs like these:

ONE LUNG  
LAUNDRY

HOP HI  
NOODLES

Resuming, he said, "Consider the possibilities of this, if my country and yours ever go to war, which Confucias forbid. Upon word being given by our leader we would burn all the shirts and collars in our laundries. Think of it. The business of the country would collapse. Still less discreet were it to appear minus a shirt. INor is this the most important part of our campaign; instead of dishing up plain and unadulterated dog-meat and like foods in our restaurants, we would throw in some cats and other forms of corruption. This would be awful. It would sicken anyone who would venture within one-hundred yards of each beanery; while anyone who attempted to eat——." Here Mr. Chung's emotions overcame him, he broke down and wept copiously. "The thought was too much for your reporter also, and before he had finished speaking, I was rushing uptown for a prescription.

HENRY LANGFORD.

### LOVE LETTERS BY THE NIGHT MAIL.

Dear Friends,

We just want to say good-night to you, and wish you pleasant dreams. Wear your pretty ties again and we'll wear our pretty hair-ribbons tomorrow.

G.A.G.-----M.G.M.-----G.C.

Dear Friends,

In reply to your communication of the third inst., we beg to state we will do as suggested expecting you to do the same.

Wishing you ladies a night of sweet repose.

Hoping that we will enter into your fair dreams.

We remain behind the door—three dear friends.

"Behind this large thick fire door

Here we will stay for evermore,

And if we sleep till seven or more

We'll dream of you three o'er and o'er."

THREE LOVELY MEN.

E.R.-----G.M.-----E.F.

## A JEST OR TWO FROM A JESTER TOO.

Merle (reading letter) :—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Helen :—"So do presents."

\* \* \*

Doris :—"Say Gladys have you hot air in your room?"

Gladys :—"Yes, Helen Mack is in there most of the time."

\* \* \*

Frenchy :—"May I have your hand for this dance?"

Covey :—"Yes, if you promise to keep off my feet."

\* \* \*

"Say, Clara doesn't cut much ice as a skater, does she?"

"No, but she breaks a lot of it."

\* \* \*

Clara :—"What a fine evening, Mr. Hymas."

W. Hymas, in confusion :—"Why don't you call me by my first name?"

Clara :—"Because your last name is good enough for me."

\* \* \*

In discussing the municipal street railway, Mr. Eastman asked, who rode on the street cars most?

"The conductor," replies Miss Higgins.

## MISCELLANIE.

## WE WONDER.

We wonder while the janitor, Mr. Jones, is installing electric bells in place of recent cow-bell if it wouldn't be advisable as well as economical to install a wireless apparatus from Mr. Rosborough's table to the staff table and announcements given therefrom, as a preventive of unnecessary disturbances and saving life of some poor cow (shoe-leather).

Father, from top of the stairs :—"Pearl turn out the lights. So Henry rose and turned out the lights.

## MOTHER'S ART.

It was in the drawing class at school:—"Willie was a great artist", said the teacher. "With one stroke he could change a smiling face to a sorrowful one."

"That ain't nothin'," said Johnnie, "me mother often does that to me."

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## WHY DO GIRLS GIGGLE?

This is a question which has perplexed philosophic minds and other sorts of minds since the institution of the Garden of Eden. As a matter of fact, to be quite plain and honest about the matter, this is the real reason why Adam sucked that celebrated lemon.

Eve was a confirmed giggler and the thing got on his nerves so badly, finally, that he simply couldn't stick it any longer. The Garden of Eden was a small place with a high board fence around it. There was absolutely no escape from that infernal and perpetual giggle. The situation was complicated further by the fact that Adam could never get out at night. Even if he had gone out there was no place to go. Such institutions as the "Club", the "Patricia", or the "Palliser", had not yet been invented. There were no fire escapes in this case, perhaps giggle escapes would be a better word. Poor Old Adam could not even smoke to quiet his nerves, as of course smoking was forbidden in the Garden. Altogether when one looks back, Adam's evenings in the Garden were devoid of that exhilaration which appeals to one as being desirable to make up the well rounded life. He could not smoke, he could not drink—, there was total prohibition in the Garden. He could not swear even when that perpetual giggle drove him to the point of stark, staring, raving, madness.

All of this does not explain, does not even begin to explain, the subject of our philosophic inquiry, why in the name of Felicia Dorothea Hemans do girls giggle? I imagine it may be doped out somewhat as follows:

Most girls are brought up to regard the world in the words of that justly celebrated writer the late Shakespeare. They are brought up, I say, to regard the world as their



oyster, which they will proceed to fry, figuratively speaking, in bread crumbs and butter, at their leisure. Now, the prospect of eating fried oysters, even in this metaphorical fashion will make the hardened sinner forget his sins and turn away to the nearest café, with soft giggles of uttermost content. The point of all this is of course that the girls regard the other half of the world, the masculine half that is, as a sort of blue point on the half shell, if you like. All girls are epicures, the natural inference is of course that you and I and the rest of the fellows are to be swallowed more or less intact.

This seems to me to be the more or less subconscious reason, why girls giggle. Most of them are anticipating the fun that they they are going to have putting it all over some poor unprotected God-forsaken young man, the unfortunate possessor of barely enough brain to bring him in out of the rain safely.

You will realize from the preceding slightly cynical remarks, that the writer of this most intensely interesting article has travelled some, in other words, has had some experience.

As a matter of fact the writer of this extremely philosophic essay which you are now reading with undisguised pleasure stayed out in the rain so long, figuratively speaking, or in other words, to mix the metaphor still further, was exposed so long on the half-shell that the dampness and cold—both figurative of course—pretty darn near put a permanent finish to his brilliant and variegated career. As Mark Antony remarked under the same circumstance, he very nearly, “lost his way forever.” The point of all this is of course—I’m afraid I’ve wandered from the original subject of research that I started to investigate—that one of those silly giggling girls got my goat, or in other words to use a simpler metaphor got me going. I confess it. She got me going proper, she took the wheel, moved the spark up, turned the windshield down and stepped on the accelerator. She did all of this without first throwing into high, the result was, she ripped the faces off my gears, made a total wreck of my ignition system and busted two tires. In fact she made me look like a Henry Ford of the vintage of 1902, that has been standing out behind the barn in the rain since 1912.

I was no Hudson Super-Six to start ~~X~~ with, but my cylinders were exploding regularly and I could have climbed the roof of a barn on high and come down the other side on low.

I'm afraid I'm wandering from the subject, my gentle readers will not mind. The technical aspects of the situation are, I am sure you will agree, most tragically amusing. If you, my gentle reader, or my ferocious reader, as the case may be, are young, inexperienced, impressionable and easily disposed to take cold when out in the wet, or of a sensitive and tender disposition when exposed on the half-shell, and find yourself in the immediate vicinity of a girl who giggles. Watch your step! or in plain English, look out. She will get your goat and get it proper, unless that Providence which looks after casual drunks and idiots at large, sets a special guardian angel to shadow you night and day.

If you find yourself absolutely unable to resist the temptation to go joy-riding, look after the controls yourself. Otherwise when this giggling girl gets through with you, you will need to spend about one year in that sort of garage which is situated at Ponoka, I believe. In fact you'll be all-fired lucky if they let you out inside of five years.

DUBB L. KROSST.

W. L. H.

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### SCELERATS!

The boys of M.R.C., "God bless them," they sure need it! In fact, if one had a perfect power of invocation, one would pray that the whole 'blooming' lot of them would experience an absolute change of heart.

The boys in this College are almost without exception, of the most flirtatious disposition. They flirt in the morning, they flirt at lunch, they flirt at dinner, not to speak of casual, cruel and constant flirtations at odd moments.

This is the sort of thing every one hates. Indeed one doubts very much whether Mephistopheles himself has much admiration for the flirtations of the creatures. That worm, that snake, the male flirt, ordinarily called the "lounge lizard." As I write, my indignation becomes sheer wrath, it blazes, it flames, it seethes.

Think of it, here are these maidens, scores of them wandering about, running every chance, in many instances, of falling in love with one of these crawling, cruel, careless creatures. Think of it, I say, think of it, and when you have thought about it carefully, tell me if my fiery indignation, my volcanically-eruptive wrath, is not wholly justified.

Only yesterday I was walking down the south corridor in my rubber heeled pumps. As my usual custom is, I was moving with some speed, but with no noise, and immediately before I arrived at the corner, that corner where Major Bennett cultivates the future Hetty Greens, and Pierpont Morgans of the Canadian West, I heard "sounds of revelry."

I hesitated, I stopped, I listened. A prolonged silence, a giggle, another silence, another giggle, whispers, sudden laughter, another long silence. "Ah!" I said to myself, "here's where I do a little of that Sherlock Holmes stuff."

I gum-shoed to the fire door, I put my right ear enquiringly in a north-westerly direction and this is what I heard.

"And are you sure, Harold dear, that there is no one else?" Yes, Thelma, no! no! no! no! there is, no, I mean, that is a mistake, Thelma dear, don't you? Oh, I'm all mixed."

"Yes, Harold, I believe that I am the only one, but what I would like to know is this, how long have I been the only one, and how long am I going to be the only one?"

"I may be mistaken, but no longer ago than yesterday at lunch I saw you looking soft-eyed admiration at Freda. 'Fess up now, Harold dear; did I see you or did I not?"

"Yes, Thelma, I was looking at her, but I was thinking of you, that makes it all right doesn't it?"

"Ah, ha!" I said to my self in an undertone, "a lovers' quarrel, a bitter quarrel."

"Yes," said Thelma, "that makes it a whole lot better, but it doesn't make it all right, not by a mile or two. I am of a jealous disposition, and I cannot tolerate a rival. I tell you straight, Harold McCargar, that if you figure you are going to trifle with my young affections, you have another think coming."

"Oh, Thelma, Thelma," he sobbed in a mournful voice. "You know I love you, for the time being at any rate. Can you not be satisfied with temporary devotion?"

"You know, Thelma, that my heart is not proof against feminine wiles, smiles, and guiles. I cannot help it Thelma, it is my nature. God knows I wish I could reform."

At this point I considered it time for me to cough. I coughed loudly and sternly.

A profound silence, a silence far more deep and profound than the silence of the grave followed that cough.

Not a breath, not a movement, not a whisper.

"You villain!" I cried. "Caught red handed, criminal of the deepest dye! What crooked, crafty, cruel heart-smashing are you doing now?"

"Oh," he wailed, "I didn't mean nothing!"

"Yes," I said, "you didn't mean nothing. Your grammar is as rotten as your heart, and that's saying a mouthful. You wicked simp, how dare you persuade this tender-hearted girl to pin, or I should say fasten, all her soft affections on you, while you realize in the shallows (there are no depths) of your heart that you have never loved, that you do not love now, and that you can never love!"

"I was only amusing myself during the somewhat dull and bored progress of my academic career!" he wailed.

"I choked with fury, I cursed beneath my breath, I also cursed aloud. I yearned to take him by his long fair hair and pull it. Yes, pull it out by the roots if necessary. How mad I was passes imagination!"

"Thelma, dear," I said, "if you don't mind my being confidential, I will tell you a secret. About two weeks ago Harold and I were very thick. In fact he was talking to me every time I met him in the corridors in a fashion that pleased me well, and I thought then that he meant it, but I was deceived. My heart is broken, my life is become dark,—as dark as a chunk of coal."

At this point McCargar evaporated. He vanished. When he had gone, Thelma and I lingered to gossip as is our wont.

"And have you heard of Walter Hymas? He is, I believe, even worse than McCargar, he is worse because his methods are smoother. He looks at a girl with all his soul in his eyes, and talks as softly as one of Tennyson's doves in those "Immemorial Elms." Ah, more dangerous because more lubricatory in his methods; as smooth as a bottle of olive oil, as smooth as butter, as subtle as the very devil.

"Ramsbottom is unconsciously assisting Walter in his deep and treacherous game. Ramsbottom, (speak it in a whisper), has a piano student, an extramural, a very beautiful girl,—Ramsbottom says so himself—so it must be true, for he is some little judge of beauty, believe me. Ramsbottom asks Walter to escort this girl to her home after every evening lesson, and Walter gets back so late he has to come in by way of the fire-escape. I assure you, Thelma, this is all true. Has Walter told the other girl about it? I should say not, and in face I would make a safe bet he hasn't mentioned it to the other girl. Not much, he hasn't.

"And worse still, and still more to be wondered at, is the case of Henry Langford. Henry, the altitudinous, the infant Goliath, one would think Henry would be far above anything of that sort. He is so remotely inaccessible at that far height, where as Bryant says, "He breathes the cold thin atmosphere."

"Henry the tall, Henry the lengthy, Henry the elongated, has fallen from his high estate, fallen in love with Gladys Covey.

"More terrible still is the case of Hillis Marr, the fair-haired son of a clergyman. Marr, too, like "Lucifer" is fallen, is fallen, is become even as one of the rest." He is in love—no,—he pretends to be in love with,—Pearl Sundberg.

"Oh, Pearl! Pearl, beware, take care, watch your step! watch your step! You'll stumble.

"And most tragic of all—Cutie—the honest boy who swore eternal devotion to that little American Beauty up at Rose Bud—a dear sweet little thing—a veritable wild rose of the prairies—the fatal infection of this fearful flirtation epidemic has soaked into his system too. He sticks around Grade Twelve. Whether it's that divine thirst for the Higher learning which sometimes seizes on the soul, or merely another faithless one—that remains to be seen—the Fates make all things evident in their own time.



"The Mills of the Gods——"

"That's the idea, eh, Thelma?—Cutie better be careful—someone will put 'a flea in the ear' of that little prairie Rosebud—and Cutie will be lonesome as—yes—as lonesome as the Last Rose of Summer. Oh, Thelma, Thelma, those boys are easy, easy"——

"Yes," said Thelma; "when you come to think of it, they are."

We fell upon each others necks and laughed, and laughed,—till the briny tears of insane joy rolled down our cheeks, and fell on the O-Cedared corridor floor.

Oh, those boys, those dear boys, soft, tender, fickle, easy, easy, easy, boys!

E. M. JAMES.

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### LEMONS.

Why has Anna J. no thirst for tea?

Because one cup of COFFEE is worth a barrel of tea.

\* \* \*

Cutie:—"You know I love you—will you marry me?"

She:—"But, my dear boy, I refused you only a week ago."

Cutie:—"Oh! was that you?"

\* \* \*

Wenonah's heart is just like the moon, ever changing, but always has a man in it.

\* \* \*

(Marr and Langford discussing Prohibition.)

Marr:—"Yes, a couple of years ago when this town was wet, I never felt comfortable walking down town with a young lady."

Langford:—"You shouldn't have taken so much, Marr, before setting out."

\* \* \*

Dot W.:—"Mr. Eastman, can you tell me a love story?"

Mr. E.:—"Sure. Several, if you like."

Freshman :—"Is Mr. Rosborough a great orator?"

Senior :—"A great orator? Why he can convince you of something without taking the trouble to understand it himself."

\* \* \*

"If a baker went crazy, would that make the doughnuts?"

\* \* \*

A Captain going to sea, his wife requests the prayers of the congregation.

A Captain going to see his wife requests the prayers of the congregation.

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### OBSERVANCE.

In future years as they come and go,  
Will we recall with a wail of woe  
The varied opportunities we let slip by,  
With not even an answer or reason why,  
We didn't take life more serious then  
That more could be accomplished in the end?

Yes, I am sure that in a leisure hour one,  
Will think of the great things others have done,  
While throughout thoughtfulness we might have won,—  
praise?

No! No!

For that is not what we endeavour to win,  
But courage to face the difficulties of life,  
Though every task means sacrifice.

NELLIE HAIT.

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### EXIT FOLEY.

Thelma Higgins  
Nice and fair,  
Is the joy of Ten,  
And all round there.

Her seat mate,  
Jolly and bright,  
Shines like a star  
At twelve at night.

The only fault  
I call to mind,  
Is that they are shy  
And hard to find.

Now these two girls,  
I'm sure, like me,  
So Edward Foley  
Can jump in the sea.

"MORT."

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"CHESTNUTS."

A lady applied at the College for a job as cook.  
"What can you cook?" asked Miss Carrick.  
"Anything, madam," was the reply.  
"Well how do you make hash?"  
"You don't make it, madam, it just accumulates."

---

A PROPHECY.

Down in old M.R.C.  
In the Grade Eleven class-room,  
There used to be such a bunch of girls and boys,  
"Rosie" says he never heard the like of such a bunch to make  
a noise.

But you must remember, friends,  
They were only children then,  
And children all must have their way,  
Even though a much used phrase was repeated them more  
than twice a day.

Now to tell you of this class, is my loved and awful task.  
Foremost in the minds of all the girls,  
And, "especially" in the minds of fair haired Pearl,  
There was Henry, with his fascinating smile,  
He, dark and handsome as some Egyptian god,  
Whose lengthy feet, encased in sandals trod  
In prehistoric times along the river Nile.

Methinks many a time has the dreamy moon of Egypt,  
 Looked down with pride upon this noble one,  
 Now to her, dead, for Canada has gained  
 The clever son.

Then there's Walter, our musician boy,  
 From out his old violin, he sometimes brings the weirdest  
     songs of joy.  
 The girls all love this manly fellow so,  
 But what's the use, only *one* has his loving heart we know. (?)

Mr. Marr, our Parliamentary star,  
 Who's here a day, and then away,  
 To curl his hair, which causes delay,  
 And an ache in "Beny's" heart, so they say.

"From Flanders fields where poppies blow,"  
 Hails Lloyd Nixon, no girl's beau.  
 And so shy! we cannot deny,  
 That we hope and pray in a year and a day,  
 We will get acquainted.

Little fair "Sibbet" our hockey player,  
 Has just returned, and we hope he will prove a star,  
 As the boys in eleven are few,  
 And girls for amusement, must have someone to "do."

Now this ends my poor story of dear Grade Eleven,  
 Who, if the gods decree, will all meet in Heaven,—(??)

AUNTIE CLIMAX.

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## WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH GRADE EIGHT?

It's all right  
 I'll say so!  
 Who says "no"?

There they sit with busy brains  
 Taking trouble, time and pains,  
 To puzzle out their questions ever,  
 Now don't you think they're very clever?

So painstaking, always careful  
 Learning at one time, an earful  
 Of knowledge, that's going to rival,  
 The learned men of other days,

So if they're always steady, sure  
 And studious throughout the year  
 They're sure to make themselves a name  
 And be covered with much fame, ?

That they'll be remembered always  
 And go down in the history of Mount Royal College.

So what's the matter with Grade Eight?

N—O—T—H—I—N—G.

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#### PERSONALIA.

The sympathy of students and staff is extended to Miss Bloomer who has been ill for two months. We wish her a recovery soon.

\* \* \*

We wish to thank especially the following students who helped with the most courteous readiness in the typing of "copy" for this issue: Misses Scheer, Cottom, Edgar, Baker, Thewlis, Hait and Mr. Levasseur.

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#### THE FIRST FORD.

To HENRY.

There was an old man with a wooden leg  
 He had no money but he wouldn't beg,  
 He had an old tin can and a two-inch board,  
 So he said to himself "I'll make a Ford."

A gallon of gas and a quart of oil  
 A piece of wire to make a coil,  
 Two big spools and an old tin can,  
 He hammered them together and the old thing ran.



His machine at first went fine,  
But later on it wouldn't climb,  
But still through many hours he toiled  
Until at last the thing was spoiled.

But even then it served him well  
For what was the matter he then could tell,  
And so again to work he set  
Until with good success he met.

G. MORTON.

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### MY ADVENTURES IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

It is not safe to visit the geyser basins of Yellowstone National Park without a guide. The small deep lakes of boiling pale-green water encircled by thin crusts of white mineral deposits which would break through with a person's weight, the ever-spouting geysers and the thick hot gurgling mud all make you feel very unsafe.

In the trees a little to one side of the upper geyser basin is what is known as "The Artist's Paint Pot." It is a space of about twenty yards across enclosed by a wooden fence and inside is boiling mud. It bubbles and gurgles and spits like cooking porridge. It got its name from its variety of colors. It mostly seems to be brown, but bluish grey, red, and green can be seen if it is looked at closely.

An old man was standing beside me as I gazed at it.

"Isn't it wonderful?" I exclaimed.

"Wonderful?" he said. "You should see it at night by the light of the moon. I remember," he went on, "when I was quite a small boy, I and some other boys at the camp used to play in the woods at night. Once I was hiding from them and came here. The moonlight shining on the bubbling mud seemed to turn it green, purple, blue, yellow, red and every color imaginable. I shall never forget that night. I have come many times in the night since."

This set me thinking. The next day we were going on to the next camp and this would be the only chance that I would have and I certainly did not want to miss it. Of course if my aunt, with whom I was travelling, knew that I had any

intention of doing such a thing she would not let me, so I decided that I would keep it to myself.

"Do you think it is going to be a clear night?" I asked the old man anxiously.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "It's been rather windy and it may blow up a storm."

It was windy, but before nightfall it had settled down.

I made myself familiar with the path that ran through the trees to the camp. That night after the camp had quieted down I slipped on my sweater and taking a flash-light in my hand I set out. My little fox terrier wanted to follow me but I would not let him.

Everything seemed so dark and gloomy through the trees and I could hear the geysers rumbling a little way off but I picked up courage and started off. Soon I found myself beside the old wooden fence. I sat down on a rock turned out my flashlight and waited for the moon to rise. It seemed very desolate and lonely, and as I sat there the geysers moaned and shrieked and mumbled like superhuman voices. After I had sat there, it seemed to me for ages, the sky began to get bright, slowly the moon began to rise over the hills. The diffused light broke through the trees and with my eyes fixed on the boiling mud I sat there motionless.

Just then the spell was broken. I heard a rustle behind me, I turned with a start and there I was face to face with a bear. The bears in the park are usually harmless unless they are hungry or are attacked. It was only a small cinnamon or brown bear, but it might as well have been a grizzly bear for it wouldn't have made me any more frightened.

The moon was now quite high in the sky and everything was nearly as light as day, but I had forgotten all about the mud.

I jumped up with a scream, I would have run down the path but the bear was between me and it, and I did not want to take the risk of going around.

I unconsciously gripped the flashlight so tight that I pressed the button and turned it on. The light fell right on the bear and he being dazzled by the brightness turned and shambled away.

The people at the camp heard my scream, and my aunt discovering that I was gone sent men out in search of me. She herself was nearly frantic.

I started on a run towards the camp but my strength failed me. I stumbled on a root and fell, unable to get up. I lay there until one of the searchers found me.

The next morning I was none the worse for my adventure except that I had a few scratches and my ankle was a little swollen from the fall. We went on to the next camp and I deeply regretted that I could not see if the old man's words were true.

DOROTHY HENDERSON.

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### ONE NIGHT ON PATROL DUTY.

It was on a cold wintry afternoon in December that I was sleeping in a dugout about a mile back of the lines. I awoke from sleep at four o'clock and was getting ready to go up with my company to the front when an officer came in and asked for three volunteers to go out on scouting duty on the coming night. Two other Canadians and I were the ones that were chosen for the dangerous job.

Somehow or other I was happier then than I ever was before in France. Whether it was because I did not realize the danger or whether I was just happy because I did not have a chance until then to do something great for my country I do not know yet.

I went into the front lines at six o'clock and waited there until nine. At nine the commanding officer came in and gave me an automatic, a few Mills bombs, a searchlight and a small pair of nippers for cutting wire if I ever got to the German wire entanglements. Last of all he gave me a good map.

Now I had two advantages. The night was very dark and the wind was blowing hard toward our lines so that any noise I might make would be heard by the enemy. I knew the country fairly well and had a good plan of the German trenches.

I went over at exactly ten o'clock. The other two volunteers were started at other points at the same time. Just as I got outside our trench I felt a mysterious chill run over me.

I do not know what caused it because I was not cold nor did I feel afraid.

I started in a south easterly course which I figured would take me to the opening of the German Front line trench. I had to crawl all the time, resting every now and then, and looking around to see if I could hear any noise. Once I was sure I did so. I lay and watched. Presently there loomed up in the darkness a human figure which I supposed to be a German scout. I waited for him to get closer so I could distinguish his uniform. While I was waiting I brought my revolver out of its holster and held it in my hand ready for instant action.

Nearer and nearer this figure came. Finally I could see that it was a German sniper and so I said to myself "I must get him or he will get me." I covered him with my revolver and cried "Hands up." He instantly threw up his hands and I searched him.

Think of lying out there on No Man's Land searching a German sniper. I found some new German maps and some telegrams on him. They were very valuable, so I took them and made him go ahead of me, and both of us crawling, I drove him back into our lines. As soon as I arrived I turned the papers and the sniper over to the section-commander.

It was still early, so I turned and crawled out again. This time I had my teeth set, and only one thing was on my mind, to get up to the enemy's front line trench and learn all I could.

I was not expected to get any prisoners or kill any men, unless necessary because the shooting would make too much noise. But I knew that if I had left that sniper alone he would have got me because he was coming straight for me.

I took a straight hike for the opening in the enemies' barged wire entanglement and inside of an hour I reached my point without any adventures.

Now came the touchiest of all my work. I had to cut my way through some of the wire having got off of the right path shortly after I set out. The Germans had several paths leading through this barbed wire but only one would lead one clear through and it was this that I had great difficulty in finding.

I must have spent at least an hour in the wire before I got on the path. This I cautiously followed up and at last I

found myself at the edge of the German front line trench. I stopped still and listened. Not a sound could I hear. I waited for a short time and then turned to my left and crawled on. Finally I found myself alongside a dugout.

Before I go on I want to tell you that never since I left our trenches the last time, did I think of getting lost or turning back. But just as I looked in that trench this thought came into my mind. And was there not a good reason for it to come into my mind, for in that dugout peering up toward me were three officers and a corporal. I watched them. They could not see me because I was in the dark but they could hear me if I made the least move, so had to lie still. They gazed in my direction for at least ten minutes and then they agreed that no one was near. I judged all the time that I had struck a lucky place. I knew that those officers were going to discuss important matters in that dugout and I was going to stay until I heard all about them. I did not have long to wait either, for within two minutes they were talking freely.

The first thing I heard them say was that they were going to start a gas attack on the following night at two o'clock. Then they stopped talking for a while, to look over some papers. Then my head began to work. I put before myself a great question. "Shall I wait here until I have heard their plans, and then go back, or shall I capture the men and all the papers, some of which I know they will not discuss." I thought over this matter for at least five minutes and then they began to discuss another plan. Following the gas attack they were going to turn on the artillery and then rush our trenches 100,000 strong. I realized that if this plan was carried out it would break the backbone of the Allied forces.

They seemed at that point to have finished their conversation and having heard all their plans I now wanted their papers. I did not want to take any prisoners because it would be too great a risk. But how could I get the papers and let the men go free. Before I got away the whole army would be firing at me so I made up my mind right there as what I should do.

I did not have much time now. It was one o'clock and at two our men were going to turn loose their big guns on the German lines. I waited until they were completely done



with laying their plans and one officer and the corporal had left.

New there were only two officers left and I saw my chance. I crawled right to the edge of the dugout and covered them with my revolver, and with leap I was beside them. I warned them that if they spoke a word I would shoot them both. I picked up the papers they had been looking at, and then went to the drawer, and still covering them with my revolver, opened it and got another plan. This was one of the latest and showed the plans of every German trench and all their reenforcement camps.

I put these all in my pockets and then I made them crawl ahead of me out of the dugout. They led the way through the wire without any objections because I warned them that if they spoke a word or made any unnecessary noise I would kill them instantly. We made our way across "No Man's Land" cautiously and slowly. We arrived just ten minutes before our men were going to turn on the artillery. I handed over the papers to the officer and told him all their plans and about the papers they had discussed. I turned my prisoners over to the section commander and then went back to my dugout and slept soundly until the bugle sounded at five-forty-five.

We laid our plans to start our barrage at twelve o'clock. We beat them to it by two hours.

ELDON RICE, Grade IX.

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### CRACKER-JACK COMMERCIAL EXPERTS

I think the Commercial Class of Mount Royal College is the hardest working class in this dog-gone town, especially when the teacher keeps them working. The class consists of fourteen girls and four boys, eighteen handsome, beautiful, and conscientious students. As you see the class is greatly outnumbered by the great number of girls, but it does not say that the boys cannot hold their end of the rope, for they do it very nicely.

If any of you want to pass a jolly day, and also it will serve you as a good example, just come and spend a day with us in our class. We will show you how to work.

First on the programme in the morning we have Rapid Calculation, of course you know what this interesting work is. We Commercial experts can rattle or sing (as you want to take it) that off at a speed of between ten to sixty miles an hour, it certainly sounds very interesting, to any one who happens to pass by our door in the morning.

Next come our Shorthand Classes. They are the stars! Their jolly professor dictates to them a letter or anything that can be written with a pencil and paper, and these remarkable students take down every word, without missing one, as easy as you can eat a piece of gooseberry pie. But when they come to read it back again they find that they forgot most of their vowels, or I don't know what they did forget, but anyway they can't read it back, as their professor has to read it for them first, then they can do it all right.

Next comes Bookkeeping; in this interesting part of the programme we are professionals as long as our trial balances, and our books balance. But if you stay in our class a little longer till some one finishes his set, and it does not balance you will see some interesting frowns, and if you would be able to read their thoughts you would not like it very well.

And last of all on the programme we have Spelling. Of course you know that spelling is easy, well whether it is easy or not it doesn't stop us from having mistakes, especially the boys; for they have five mistakes and upwards every day. It is not their fault, for the girls mark the papers.

If you want to see some more interesting work, (if you are tired, we will not ask you to listen to it) but it is very nice how these Commercial students can type-write. They can rattle it off so slick at the rate of (well, that depends who is writing) it varies from two to sixty words a minute. If you want to go in the class and hear them, you are welcome to do so, but I will give you some advice before you go in and it will be to your advantage to listen to it. When you go in there, go in slow, for if you hurry in you are apt to get something you won't like, for there are always balls of paper, etc., flying about the room.

You see that the Commercial Class is some class and hard to beat. If all the classes of Mount Royal College could work as we do!

As most of the students will know that in one of the most interesting Literary Meetings held in the college, there were two of our enterprising young girls who put up a debate on Prohibition against two of the boys of Grade Ten. Of course, you see that it is a kind of dry subject for girls to write about and yet the Judge's decision was in favor of the two girls.

We have some very smart students in our famous class.

The Commercial students are full of pep. The only time when the girls of Commercial go around with a grouch on is when Mrs. Skene comes to the Commercial door and tells Major Bennett to write on the black-board: Girls be ready for drill at 3.40 with "Jim Suits" on.

We have a few dunces in Commercial, namely, Frenchy, Ola and Lillian, and then we have a few bright ones—Gladys, Katies and Willie.

Then we must not forget the patience of Edith going to the board every day to write shorthand under the scrutiny of Major Bennett.

Gladys with her bronze curls and rosy cheeks is ever nimble, verily so and in pep----per, she is never wanting, but always giving freely. Also of her sweets so evenly distributed among-----I was going to say favorites but you would not judge them so were you to peep into Commercial at random and see the slams----Yes----slams of books on the floor..

Students of Commercial have a noticeable feature which I am sorry to say is, talking with their eyes. I suppose you will say this must take lots of practice. Right you are. But I know of no better place for correct training.

The we have an occasional speech from the clever and unruly Frenchy when he is awaking from a reverie of whom he is going to skate with at the Crystal after school, and naturally his cleverness is doubted when he gives the wrong answer to a question, but who can blame him when you consider the cause.

Students of Commercial are always prompt in response to requests made by their pedagogue to compose letters and especially when their theme is under the heading of Talcum Powder and Shaving Sticks. One girl's saying that Talcum

Powder boxes could be used for salt and pepper shakers before being thrown away, shows the skilfulness and ingenuity of the class.

"OH, FRENCHY, FRENCHY!"

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### BOOKS REVIEWS OF 1930

The most interesting of recent publications is a volume by G. H. Marr, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Political Economy and Applied Psychology at the University of Chicago. The title of the book is suggestive; he calls it "An Enquiry into Hypertrophy" or, "The Causes of Over-growth."

The author deals with curious examples of gigantic size among the members of the human race. He gives us examples of excessive elongation; among others, Hercules, Agag, Samson, Agamemon, William the Conqueror, Helen of Troy, and Henry Langford. I should like to quote his chapter dealing with Langford. It is pointed, one might come nearer the truth if one described it as poignant. I shall quote only the more concisely scientific portions of his chapter.

"Huxley and Darwin seem to be pretty well agreed that the average height of the male Homo Sapiens approximates five-feet nine and fifteen-sixteenths inches. Anything over this is abnormal. Any Homo-Sapiens exceeding this height must be regarded as a "sport." Huxley accounts for this excessive height which occurs in rare individuals in a conclusive fashion. He says that it has been clearly proven that excessive height is due to two causes: Over-eating and over-sleeping. Sometimes too—but in rare instances, it is due to excessive drinking in early youth. Darwin says that an exclusive diet of milk in early years invariably produces enormous stature. Other drinks, if administered at a sufficiently early age, produce absolute mental deterioration, a complete locomotor ataxia of the wits. A very interesting subject suffering from all of the above with other complications (including a badly done-up heart) was discovered in 1919 in Calgary, Alberta. The subject had been fed on beer in his infant years. He usually imbibed it through a rubber tube connected up with a quart flask. It was a poor start for a prohibitionist, in fact the beer (Schlitz) shot his brain-works all to pieces. His

mother sent him to prohibition meetings when he was quite a boy, hoping that the speeches might restore his lost reason, but the experiment was a failure.

The subject (Henry) persisted in his booze fighting. His mother sent him to a little residential college to acquire correct views on the liquor question, but all he ever collected there was a taste for endless disputation,—always crying out for more booze, and yet more booze. It was a sad case. To make the situation worse, he fell in love, and this put a further crimp in his already badly battered “think-tank.”

It is said that one of the girls thought him an Egyptian God reincarnated. But this girl was famous for the inaccuracy of her guesses. He wasn't anything of the sort; he was, merely and only, another boy ‘gone wrong.’”

Professor Marr has written an 800-page volume, carefully indexed, and proving that nothing is quite so dangerous from the point of view of Hypertrophy as too high a percentage of alcoholic content in one's infantile drinks.

If one may venture on a criticism, however, Prof. Marr has not proven that there is any top limit to the alcoholic content of ones drinks after one has passed one's first disappointment in love. This is a great consolation to the afflicted. To those whose hearts have been hopelessly smashed, there is nothing like a brandy-smash, for resuscitatory purposes.

It would be interesting to know what became of Langford in later life. One hopes that he did not fill a drunkard's grave. That would be a sade fate for “An Egyptian God.”

“HIRAM BALL.”

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#### IN MEMORIAM

*To Gladys Grant—*

Our flirting friend lies here dead  
With stones and clay for a bed,  
But the thing that dealt the blow  
Was the fact Rice was too slow.

*To Merle Mitchel—*

Merle Mitchel lies buried in her coffin,  
Because she flirted once too often.



## MIDNIGHT—AND JUPITER

"Kids!" came in a stage-whisper from the door, "Let's raid the kitchen!"

"Sure!"

"I'm game!"

"Come on then!"

"How many of us are there?"

We counted. There were seven of us. We had all been crowded in one room, listening to a ghost story that I had been telling. But the story was now over, and this new adventure appealed to us.

"You go down and see how many kids from the next floor want to go," someone said. So the girl who had suggested it went. It was four minutes to eleven, and we sat down on the floor to wait.

At eleven o'clock precisely, we gathered our kimonas around us, and swiftly sped down the stair. We made enough noise to waken the dead, and I was sure we would be caught, but luckily we were not. We reached the bottom of the stairs in safety and ran down the hall like galloping horses. But when we reached the recreation door,—it was locked. A groan arose.

"Ye gods!" I ejaculated.

"After taking all this trouble to come here and find the door locked! Oh——"

"S-S-S-S-H! What's that!" somebody said.

Suddenly the firedoor was flung open, and in it stood Jupiter (the Janitor). For a moment we gazed, then we turned tail and fled. Someone had grabbed me by the arm and was pulling me along.

"Oh-Oh, let me go!" I squealed. "My slipper is coming off!" My slippers came off twice before I reached those steps. But when I reached them, I fairly flew up them. We reached the room in safety and threw ourselves panting on the chairs, the beds and floor.

"Oh, wasn't it funny!" someone said.

"It wasn't funny when you lose your slippers!" I muttered.

"The expression on his face," someone tittered. "I'll bet he thought we were ghosts——" and here we burst into peals of laughter.

DORIS E. BABCOCK.

## MY HEART'S DESIRE.

The white hills far away  
Are stern and cold—  
Not hills are they, no  
But the walls of the valley  
Wherein lieth hidden  
My heart's desire—

Ah yes, free me now  
And I go to the hills, stern and cold,  
To my heart's desire  
Ere my life is old—

To the valley beyond them  
Where floweth a river,  
And down by the river,  
Far down in the valley  
My heart's desire.

H. B. E.

## LEAVE IT TO LESLIE.

Now that its all over, I don't know how it happened, but at the time Benita and I resolved never to speak again. It all started about Christmas time over a little ivory fan Betty and I had seen in one of the shop windows on Broadway. She had several times hinted that she expected that from me. I was not in favor of it and neither was Les.

Who is Les? Why he is my foremost chum and adviser, a very clever chap. You wouldn't think so for he never talks unless questioned and even then he expresses his ideas in as few words as possible.

As I mentioned before, I didn't like the idea of the fan and neither did Les. We had spotted a silver mesh bag with a top like a hot water bottle and I was set on getting that. That. That is, as soon as the guv'nor sent my little Christmas donation, as without it I could do nothing.

The money arrived, and the bag duly purchased, disregarding entirely the instructions of the young lady. Les and I speculated quite a little on what she would say.

Christmas day I sent it around with a card saying that I would call in the afternoon. When I arrived Benita was prepared for men. She said she didn't see why I gave her that bag instead of the fan and it didn't matter to me what I gave her then I said I didn't see what difference it made, so long as I gave her something, she informed me that I need not consider relations so intimate as to do as I chose even as so far as disregarding her wishes. I tried to explain but the more I talked the worse matters grew. She ended up with telling me to go for ever from the place.

Of course, this angered me enough to do so. I thought I'd find a way to pay her out.

I imagined myself as a missionary—a sailor—and how I'd come back with great renown. Then she would be sorry. All these things ran through my mind on the way to Leslie's.

Once there, I explained all and asked his advice. He told me I was too hasty and advised me to wait till the end of the week. I insisted that I'd fix her now, but he was firm and I followed his advice, as I always do though sometimes unconsciously. Then he told me of a New Year's party which the Smith's were giving. Les. Knows everything—somehow he gets wise. He's always poring over books and papers.

The end of the week came, and the invitation. I mean Leslie's—I had no such luck. As it was a masquerade Les. suggested I take his place because he did not want to go.

But I had a scar on my upper lip which would be a giveaway. Again I turned to Les.

"Hasn't the Smith's butler, Murphy, got a scar on his lip?"

"Yeh, a great big one."

"All right, then, you be Murphy!"

His parting word at the door on that eventful evening was "Be Murphy."

I tried hard to follow his instructions but found greatest difficulty in keeping as much space as possible between Murphy and myself. This was somewhat facilitated by the division of the ballroom in two parts by ornamental posts.

Once, early in the evening, I was hailed by Mrs. Smith: "Murphy, you are to have special duties this evening. Do the bidding of any of Miss Benita's guests."

Several times, a hasty exit was occasioned by the entrance of Murphy I.

Finally the chance came, Benita was alone in the conservatory. I entered and at her bidding opened the French windows on the verandah. Just then Murphy, I. came in!

I awaited nothing but dashed out over the snow covered lawn. After me a clear, sweet voice called out, "Come back again to morrow and get your hat!"

O. G. STOPPEM.



*"Coronat Opus."*

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Aileen Sibbald	"Sibbie"	"La Danse"	"Gosh"	To have a good time	Dreaming Dreams.
Agnes Holden	"Agonie"	Her Voice	"Oh Gee"	To look "Cute"	Making Dates.
Pearl Sunburz	"Peg"	Her "Giggle"	"Oh Boy"	To go to Lang-ford	Driving a "Henry."
Helen Beny	"Benie"	Steadiness	Good night There's that bell	To be admitted to the bar	Star Gazing.
Wenonah Morgan	"Nonie"	That Smile	(7.45 o'clock) What bell is that?	To be loved	Taking Lessons.
Georgie Fletcher	"George"	Her eyes	"Oh Darn!"	To be a "Cleopatra"	Skiping Classes.
Vera Hall	"Slim"	Her figure	"Aw, go on, you can of worms"	To be an old maid	Slamming.



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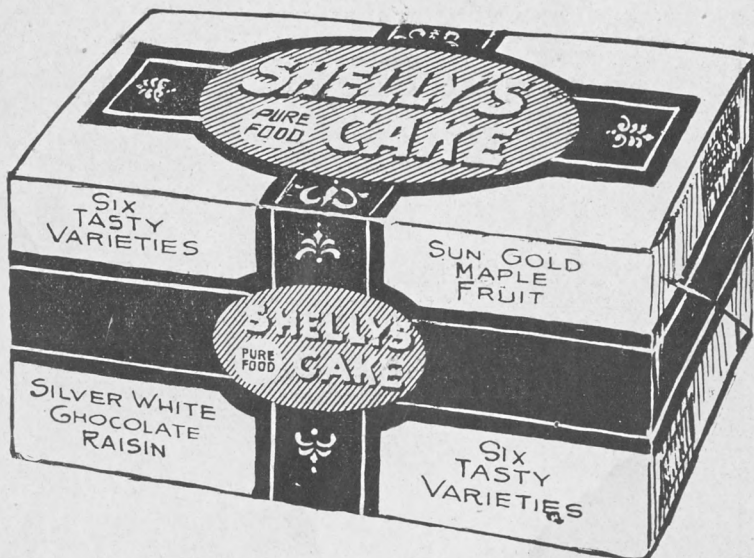
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